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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE RED HAND.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1583. WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE FACT that Mr. Bryan lost his nightshirt in a western state need not cause surprise. Mr. Bryan lost his shirt in a great many states a decade ago.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB has joined the critics of the railroads. He declares that they should use a better quality of rails and thus prevent wrecks. "The mills will make them," adds Mr. Schwab. "They will make anything for which there is a demand." Quite obvious. And having made them, they will sell them to American roads for something like $12 a ton more than foreigners will have to pay for the same Steel Trust rail. The railroads need reforming, but not any worse than the tariff.

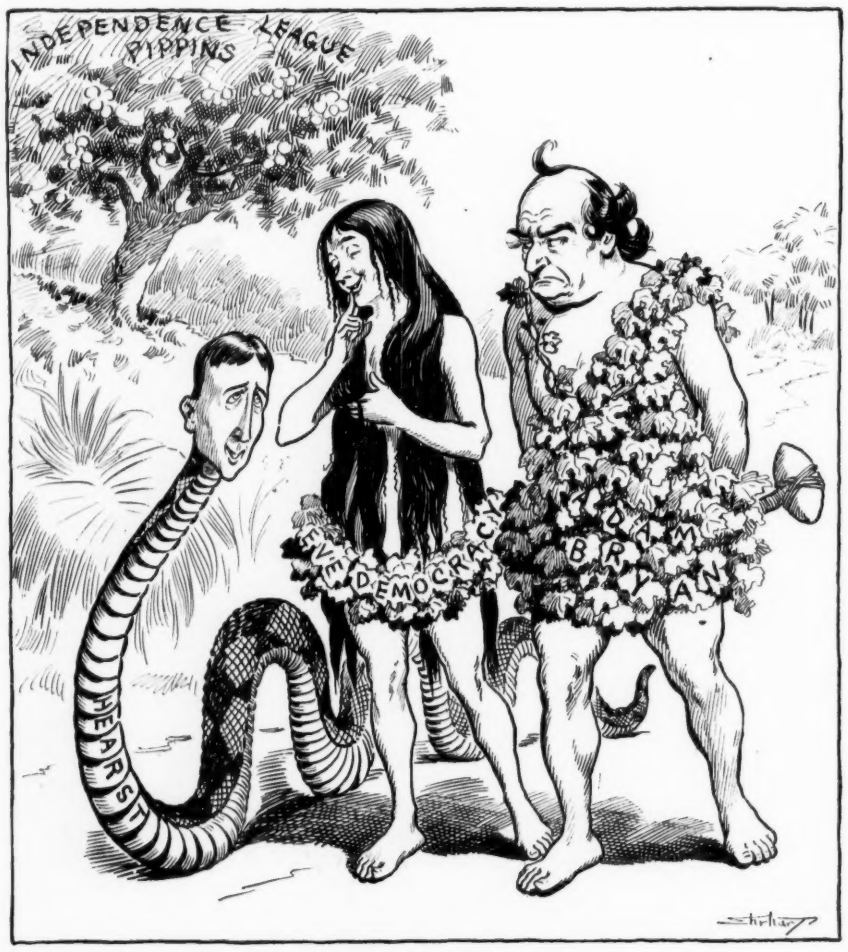
ATTORNEY-GENERAL WADE ELLIS of Ohio gives it as his opinion that fines assessed against illegal combinations in restraint of trade are ineffective, because they are speedily recovered from the public, which is forced to patronize the monopoly. Public officials display at times an intelligence which is almost human.

MARK TWAIN says he likes Bernard Shaw's face and wishes to see more of him. It is up to Shaw to shave.

"I'LL BE satisfied if Fairbanks is nominated for President, and he will be satisfied if I am nominated."—*Leslie M. Shaw*

Two Republicans who are easily satisfied.

SECRETARY TAFT characterized his recent indisposition as nothing more than a pain in the stomach. But a pain in a Taftian stomach, we submit, is no trifling ailment. It is widespread.



IN THE DEMOCRATIC EDEN.

ADAM.—I don't know exactly why it is, but I've taken an awful dislike to that snake.

AND NOW the American colony in Paris is to have a big celebration on Independence Day. Hooray for a Seine Fourth!

"THE CHINESE have been taught from infancy to look backward."—*The Rev. Mr. Aked.*

So have the Kentucky mountaineers.

NO BATTLESHIP is to be built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard because, according to the Navy Department, the cost would be $1,000,000 greater than if it were built by private contractors. Why? What does that extra million represent? Labor, material or graft?

THE *Evening Mail* is running a series of artistic mistakes, with prizes for detecting the errors in drawing. These should not be confused with Mr. Davenport's cartoons on another page.

AT THE dinner to be given to Mark Twain by the staff of *Punch* on July 6 he hopes to be able to present to his entertainers a brand-new joke.—*Cable News.*

A good idea. That joke about *Punch's* jokes being old is about the oldest joke there is. Incidentally, untrue.

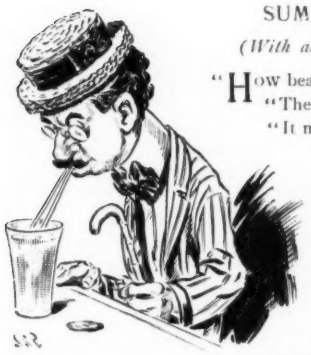
IT WAS brought out in the "Bright Eyes"-Vanderbilt case that "it is a well-known fact among psychics that Indian spirits possess strong magnetic power, and are used most frequently for the purpose of entrancement of mortals." So at last we have an explanation of the phrase "putting the Indian sign on him."

JULY MENU.

THE HORSE.—When a feller's good an' hungry, these here new fangled bonnets ain't bad eatin'.

SUMMER BROMIDIOMS.

(With acknowledgements to Gilbert.)



"How beautifully blue the sky!"
"The mercury is rising high."
"It may be warmer still, they say."
"It was a sizzler yesterday,
And yet to-morrow afternoon
May be December more than
June."
"The forecast says, I know not
why,
That we shall have a warm July."

"At solar rays we needn't frown
We have the coolest flat in town;"
"Though it be 98 degrees,
We always get a lovely breeze;"
"And this is an unfailing rule
Our evenings are always cool;"
"A perfect plan, as I have found—
To wear the same the whole year round."

"The summer always knocks me out."
"'Twas hot in town to-day, no doubt."
"I always try, in summer heat,
To get along with less to eat."
"Don't chase around; stay in one spot,
And—" "Ice cream only makes you hot."
"But men don't have a lot of hair
To—" "Guess that it's hot everywhere."

Franklin P. Adams.

THE BLOW THAT LANDED.

MRS. SCADS (five seasons) vs. Mrs. Gotlots (nine seasons). Three-round bout in popular café.

Mrs. Scads enters, looking fresh and well under weight. She is accompanied by three seconds.

Mrs. Gotlots follows. She looks a bit overtrained. She has two seconds and a Dalmatian.

They take corner tables. Odds of 3 to 2 are offered on Mrs. Scads. Their eyes meet.

ROUND 1.—Mrs. Scads spars for position. She supports chin on right hand, showing seven diamonds. Mrs. Gotlots rests in easy position, with left hand toward chandelier, showing twelve diamonds. Mrs. Gotlots exposes left thumb, with large diamond. Round ends without advantage.

ROUND 2.—Mrs. Gotlots opens with a rush, with sunburst flashing. Mrs. Scads swings out black pearl necklace, at same time bringing left hand, with eighteen jewels, into view. Mrs. Gotlots comes back with gold fan, set with twenty-eight gems, carelessly on edge of table. Mrs. Scads spars for time. Round slightly in Mrs. Gotlots' favor.

ROUND 3.—Mrs. Scads shows solid gold shoe-buckles with twelve jewels. Mrs. Gotlots caresses Dalmatian, bringing jeweled collar in sight. Salvation Army lassie enters. Mrs. Scads opens purse and gives girl a quarter. Mrs. Gotlots faints, and is carried out. Some talk of a foul, but bets are declared good.

Freeman Tilden.

REFORMERS.

ANENT reformers and their kind
A canny one is he
Who has a message for the world
And sends it C. O. D.

A BAD FILLER.

FATHER.—Mend your ways, or you'll fill a drunkard's grave.

SON *(after a night of hard luck)*.—Don't worry, dad. I couldn't take the deck and fill a bob-tailed flush.

THERE ARE OTHERS BESIDES ROOSEVELT.

RARE PORTRAIT OF VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS WHICH WILL DISPEL FOR ALL TIME THE NOTION THAT HE IS A MOLLYCODDLE.

It is worth making a note of, that, while money may talk, it rarely gives itself away.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

"ENJOYED MY TRIP IMMENSELY. LOVE TO ALL."

I.

II.

III.

A 40,000 HORSE-POWER ELOPEMENT;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SEVENTEEN PINK MOTOR CARS,

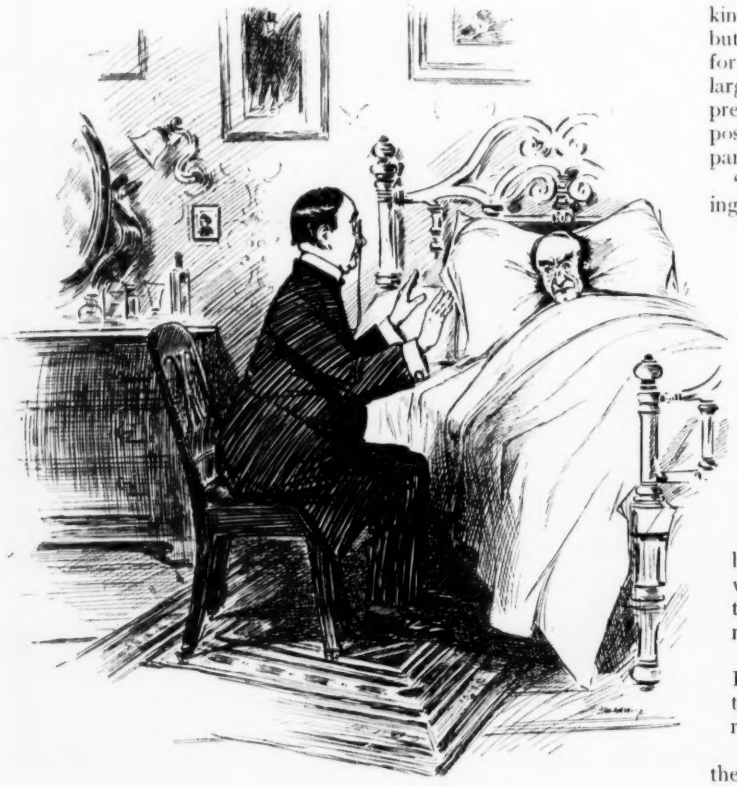
BEING

A PERFECTLY LOVELY STORY OF LIFE AMONG

THE UPPER CLASSES

and written for the benefit of The Submerged Tenth and all other Subscribers to the Friday Evening Boast

THE MAN paced up and down uneasily. "I *will* have her," he said. There was a tense look about the muscles of his mouth that spoke of quiet determination. Few, however, would have recognized in this quiet, well-groomed young man the celebrated Buck Williams who three years before at the annual Harvard Yale game had run five hundred yards down the field for the winning touchdown.



A JUST REBUKE.

DYING MAGNATE.—At this solemn moment, I want to transfer to you a great trust—

PASTOR.—Hush, hush, my dear sir! At such a time, you should be turning your thoughts heavenward, instead of trying to unload on an unsuspecting minister of the gospel.

As he turned toward the oaken door it opened, and a lithe, bright-eyed girl appeared. She was not exactly what you would call good-looking, but she was 165 times better than Robert Chamber's best, and she wore a million dollars' worth of diamonds around her neck.

"Buck!" she cried.

But before she had taken a single step Jorkins had opened the door behind her. Jorkins was her father's butler. He had buttled for years and received a larger salary than the president of an unexposed insurance company.

"Your father is coming, Miss," said Jorkins.

There was a moment of hesitation.

"Genevieve," said the young man, "if your father finds us all is lost. There is but one way."

He opened the door revealing a short individual dressed in Chauffeur's costume. This person was the best Chauffeur in the world and had won all the Vanderbilt Cup races.

"Honkerson," said Buck, "are the seventeen pink autos ready?"

"Yes, sire," replied the Chauffeur, "they are just come from the factory and are the most expensive and swiftest automobiles ever built."

IV.

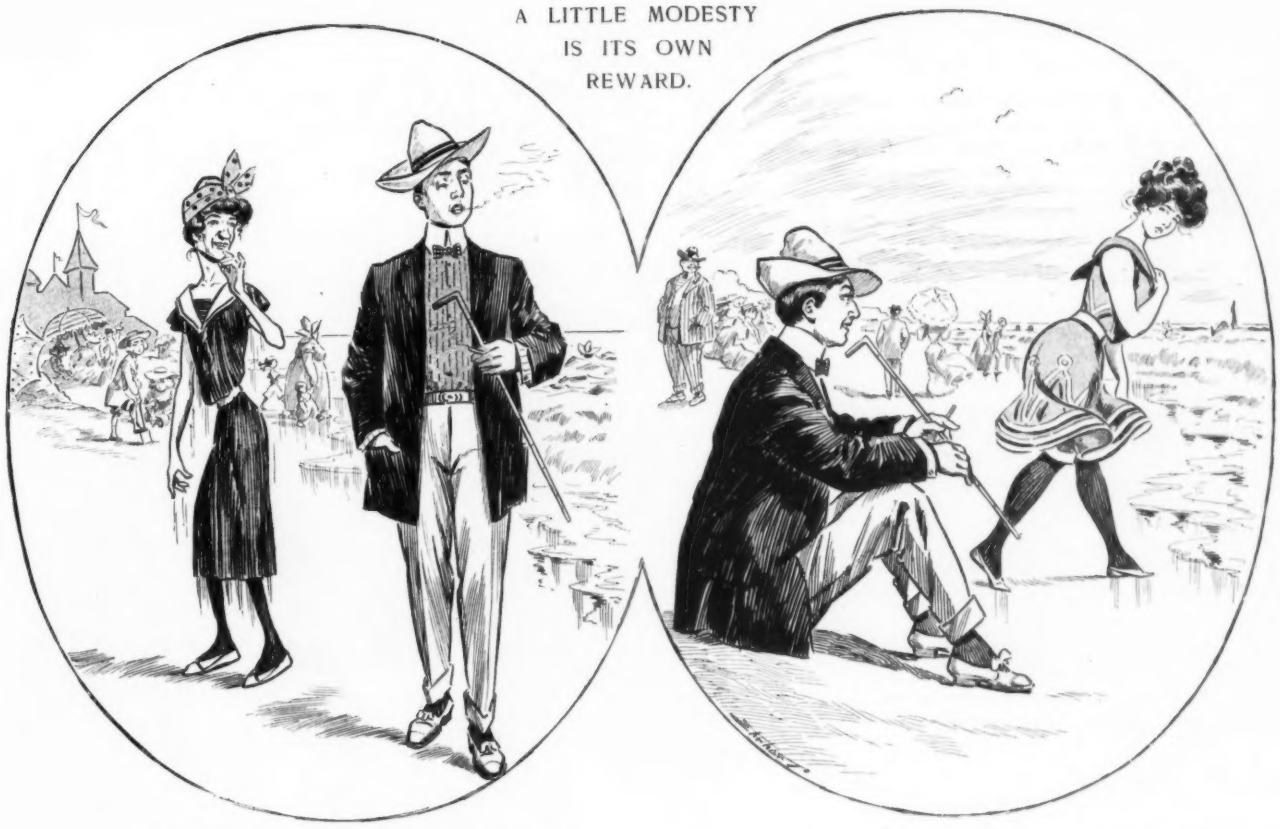
V.

In another minute seventeen pink, puffing 40,000 horse-power automobiles were bearing the pair to the nearest clergyman's.

"Full speed, Honkerson," cried Buck, and the machines leapt madly forward.

One minute later they drew up in front of a modest rose-

A LITTLE MODESTY IS ITS OWN REWARD.



MISS SLIMSHANKS. — *Some* men are modest, anyway. That one deliberately looked the other way, rather than embarrass me.

MISS FULSOM. — Men at the seashore are just horrid! I'd like to slap that brazen, staring thing!

covered dwelling. A man in clerical costume was in the front yard. It would have taken a skilled observer to detect the fact that he had written more popular novels than any other minister of his denomination.

"We want to be married," said Buck.

"This way," said the reverend old man.

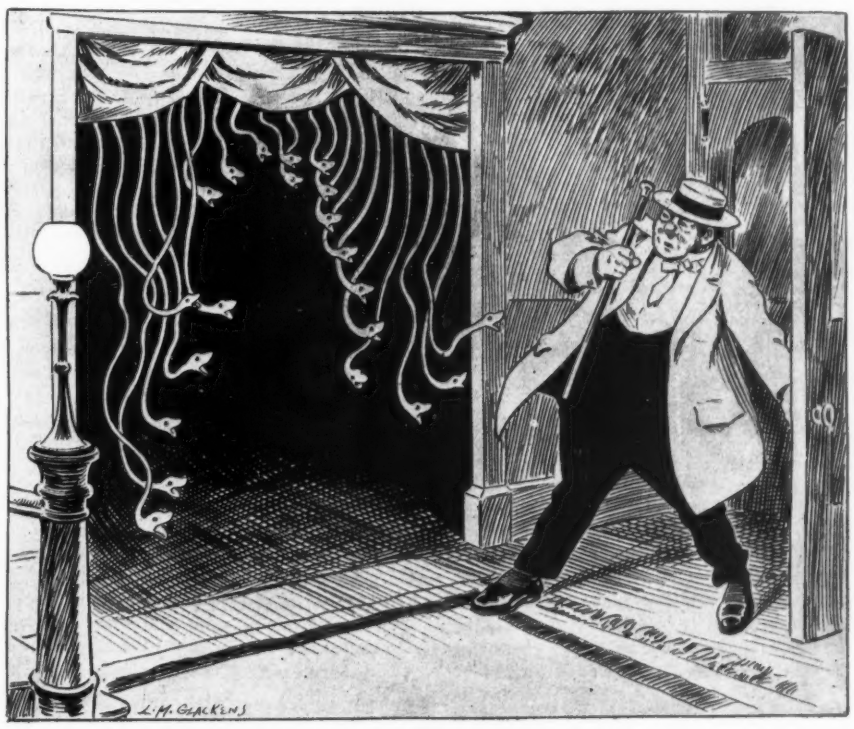
As the ceremony was being concluded a knock was heard at the door and in walked Genevieve's father. From his general appearance at that time it would have taken a shrewd man to know that he was the greatest financier that had ever happened.

"Buck Williams," said the old man, "I want to congratulate you on having outwitted me and now I insist upon your accepting a partnership in all my concerns, and for the present here is a little pocket money."

With these words he handed the young man the largest check ever written with so many ciphers that some of them had to run over on the back.

This ends the story. We might add that Buck and Genevieve, like all other wealthy people, lived happily ever after and spent their whole lives doing Dolly Dialogues and attending house-parties. All this really happened, as those who have any acquaintance with the upper classes will recognize, and the author has frequently taken Sunday dinner with the happy pair.

Horatio Winslow.



WAS IT A NATURE FAKE?

REMARKABLE APPEARANCE OF A PAIR OF ROPE PORTIERS AT 3:47 A. M.

UNHAPPY OCCURRENCE.

THE man who had just been acquitted went up into the *Whirnal* office.

"Look here," he said, "I've been proven innocent and for the last ten weeks you've been publishing diagrams of me and the revolver and dotted line showing course taken by bullet and all that. I guess I've got something coming."

"Yes," said the urbane City Editor, "you have a bill for display advertising coming but you'll have to see the business office about that — we don't attend to those things on this floor."

STUPID.

"WHAT a tiresome convention?"

"Why?"

"They talked of nothing but the weather."

"Who were they?"

"Metereologists."

RELIGIOUS.

"DID you follow the diet I advised?"

"I did."

"Religiously?"

"Why, tolerably so. I said grace about three times out of five, I should guess."

WILLING.

MRS. HANDOUT. — If I give you your dinner will you carry a message over to the next village for me?

TIRED TIM. — Wid pleasure, mum. Where is yer motor-car?

A PASTORAL PANTOUM.

With sweet contentment written on her face,
Far from the ever reaching greed of man,
Dame Nature holds me in her close embrace
I strain my ears to catch the pipes of Pan.

Far from the ever reaching greed of man,
I breathe the incense of the summer air.
I strain my ears to catch the pipes of Pan,
While gentle breezes ruffle up my hair.

I breathe the incense of the summer air,
In turn enchanted, mystified, appalled,
While gentle breezes ruffle up my hair.
(This is poetic license. I am bald.)

In turn enchanted, mystified, appalled,
The sunshine crowns my brow with golden floss.
(This is poetic license. I am bald,
But what of that? It doesn't make me cross.)

The sunshine crowns my brow with golden floss,
A nimble ant is crawling down my back,
But what of that? It does n't make me cross.
I'm here to write a pastoral, alack!

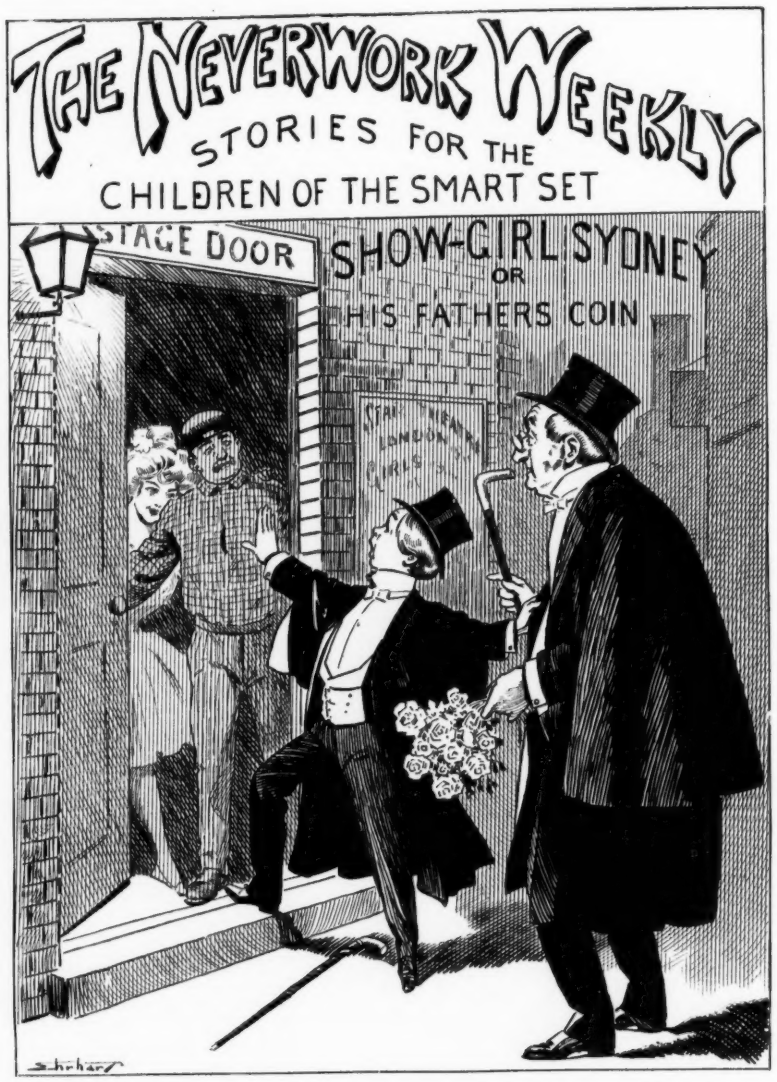
A nimble ant is crawling down my back,
Mosquitoes by the million now collect.
I 'm here to write a pastoral, alack!
That 's what a pastoral poet must expect.

Mosquitoes by the million now collect,
While I forget the joys of pastoral bliss.
That 's what a pastoral poet must expect.
I really think I 've had enough of this.

While I forget the joys of pastoral bliss,
I sigh for old Broadway and all her clan.
I really think I've had enough of this.
Oh, for a high-ball 'neath a whizzing fan.

I sigh for old Broadway and all her clan,
With sweet contentment written on her face.
Oh, for a high-ball 'neath a whizzing fan.
Dame Nature holds me in her close embrace!

Sam. S. Stinson.



"Stand aside, fellow!" cried Show-Girl Sidney to the door keeper. "Come, Father! I will introduce you to a perfect scream!"

AMERICAN.

Now that they had the man in jail, however, new difficulties arose. It was to consider these that the mass-meeting was called, and everybody turned out. There was a full and free discussion of the situation, after which the following resolutions were moved, carried and spread upon the minutes:

"Whereas, this fellow has become an expense to the public, and

"Whereas, nothing is so thoroughly American as to hang the expense, be it therefore

"Resolved, that the chairman and secretary are hereby authorized to procure as much rope as may be required, and be it further

"Resolved, that we all and severally pledge ourselves to stand by and see the thing through."

AS ADVERTISED.

"The Air Here Is Full of Life."

A NEAR-PROFESSIONAL.

The Ingenue.—So our sterling young leading man, Mr. Hogstage, is going to wed a non-professional, eh?

The Comedian.—Not exactly. I hear that the prominent young society woman, who will soon bear his name, has been divorced twice, lost her jewels more than once, been reported engaged to four different titles, owns a French bulldog, has written a tooth powder testimonial, and is devoted to a simple home life and her books!

ANOTHER SEA YARN.

Mr. Flatdwell *(his first Atlantic voyage)*.—Do you know, Mary, that this ship burns four hundred tons of coal every day?

Mrs. Flatdwell.—William Henry, have you been letting the janitor stuff you with any such fairy tale as that?

THAT'S ALL.

On his knees he adored her,
(No youth could be bolder)
But his love only bored her.
On his knees he adored her,
And he madly implored her
To let him just hold her
On his knees—He adored her,
(No youth could be bolder.)

J. Adair Strawson.

NOBLE CRITIC.

Seasoned Publisher.—My Reader reports that your manuscript is worthless;—he is a very fine critic, sir.

Aspiring Author.—Er–did your reader ever write a novel?

Seasoned Publisher.—No; but he has turned down hundreds of 'em.

Perhaps it is only the very young doctor who needs to be reminded that an ounce of steady job is worth a pound of cure.

THE MODERN OUTPUT.

SCRIBBLES, THE AUTHOR.—Hello, old man! Come out and take lunch with me, won't you?

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—Can't, my boy. Getting out four new magazines before three o'clock! Come around to-morrow—off day—only get out two!

MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

(From the "Daily Telephone," July 1, 1945.)

DRIBBLER'S.—*Dribbler's* this month is full of good things. Three new health foods have fourteen full pages each, magnificently illustrated in color. There are thirty-two pages of air-ship advertisements, representing the best work of almost every prominent author of the day, while the illustrations include many of the foremost artists of the world, among them three prize-winners at the recent Imperial Japanese Academy. A new serial, "Moses, Aaron and Moses—Ready-made Clothing," begins in this number, handsomely illustrated and illuminated in gray and gold. The plates, illustrating the scene where the hero in an all-wool Moses, Aaron and Moses afternoon suit is rescueing the heroine from the air-ship of the villain is particularly effective. Among the best work in verse we notice "The Soap that Sinks," "Unwheat Biscuits," and "No Coffee?—That's Unreasonable," all from well-known pens. In addition to this feast of good things the twenty pages devoted to literature without advertising are well worth careful examination.

Garpers for this month contains an admirable Lard and Sausage leading article followed by other notable contributions ranging widely in subject, from food products to breakfast cereals, all handsomely illustrated. In lighter vein are many really charming little skits as tooth-powder, enamel bath-tubs, safety razors, etc. In the line of broad humor "Model Houses for Modest Means" is the best thing the author has yet done. No man who has already built a house and appreciates a good laugh should fail to read it. If a criticism were to be made, it might be that the pages bearing no advertising are allowed to occupy too much space and tend to make the magazine unwieldly, but this is after all a small matter as, when once glanced over, they can easily be removed and cast aside.

As usual, *The Homely Woman's Journal* excels in that branch of advertising literature which it has made peculiarly its own. "The Granite Waist" has sixteen pages profusely illustrated in color. Both the "Bent-bone" and the "Titer-fit" corset articles are charming and it is hard to say which is most to be admired, the "Bent-bone" heroine who is posed by the artist to exhibit the construction of the back of that garment, or the "Titer-fit" beauty whose graceful ease in doing up her back hair before a mirror speaks volumes for the article advertised.

Throughout the number, progress is everywhere evident. The "Allknit" family are represented in a series of new and graceful poses and the various food babies were never so pudgy and smiling. The "Alack-a-lae!" girl has finished staining the floor and has begun on the ice-chest, and all the other ladies who use soap are handsomer than ever.

A large amount of space is given to stories, poems and answers to correspondents, but as the columns in which they appear are always run in on the sides of the usual advertising pages the general effect of the magazine is not marred.

Munbody's has made an innovation this month and appears in two volumes, a great convenience to those who dislike using a book-rest. Either volume can be held in the hands by any man of ordinary strength. It might have been better if, instead of dividing what our fathers would have called "the pure reading matter" between the two volumes, it had been confined to the back pages of the second volume and made easily detachable, but after all this might not be quite fair to the many worthy and conscientious writers and illustrators who have not yet achieved the position of advertising authors and artists.

It is hard to choose among the many good things the features demanding special comment. The shaving-soap rivalry continues merrily. Willgate's man has made, perhaps, a little heavier lather but Colliam's has a more pleased expression, making honors about even. The illustrations are particularly notable. The "Silkweed" and "Egyptian" cream ladies are splendid examples of the art that has made Paris famous, and there are many others not far behind in beauty of pose and artistic coloring.

J. W. Merrill.

TO MEMORY DEAR.

BOOK AGENT *in Barrenhurst.*—Could I interest you in our new Nature-books, with pictures of the wild flowers, and so forth?

X. CITIMAN.—Not on your life! If you've got any views of Broadway and Forty-second Street, we can talk business.

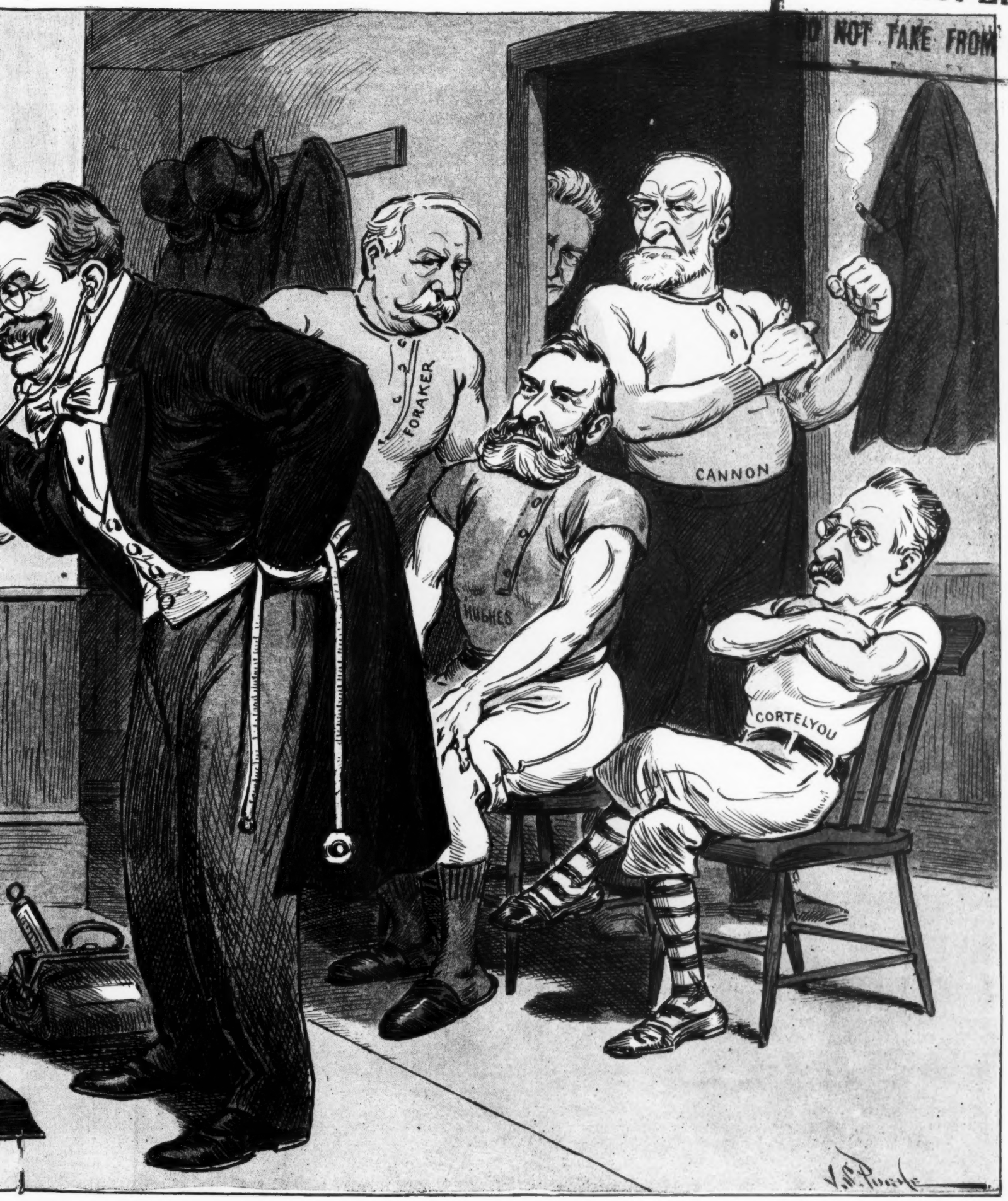
AN EVIDENT ERROR.

"This is funny—in a modest sort o' way!" philosarcastically commented the Old Codger, as he gazed out the door at the rain. "The weather clerk has made a grave mistake *this* time; this ain't the day of the picnic."

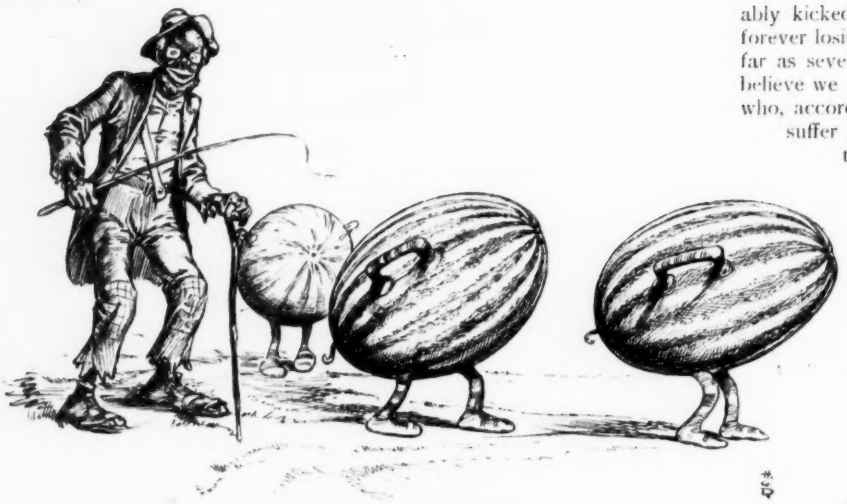
THE PUCK PRESS

OLD DR. ROOS

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIO
PROPERTY.
O NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM



R. ROOSEVELT.



A TIP TO THE WIZARD.

UNCLE JAKE.—Gawd bless dat Mistah Luthah Burbank!

"CUT IT OUT!"

So "Cut it out" is not to thunder down the ages as a phrase sanctified by Executive usage and Consecrated to the Type.—*The Sun.*

IT seemeth not. And yet among
The maxims in our English tongue
No pithier to lips has sprung
Than "Cut it out!"

How very nicely might be spared
The axioms in commencements aired!
How vain and futile these compared
With "Cut it out!"

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy!"
Ah, could we guide the sweet young She,
Our sole advice to her would be:
"Dear, cut it out!"

Would that we might do more—insist,
With folks who never would be missed:
Apostles of the commonplace,
Devoid of novelty or grace;
All orators like Beveridge;
Women who play at morning bridge;
The poets of the cheer-up school
Who perpetrate the dreariest drool;
The tedious wits who sign their names
To hackneyed josh of Henry James;
The men—but, Lord! the list is long,
And tiresome may grow my song;
So—cut it out!

B. L. T.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"AFTER ALL, the life of the horny-handed son of toil has its recompenses," a bit grimly remarked the honest but eminently astute agriculturist. "It is true that us angular agriculturists are cartooned in the comic papers, lampooned, and occasionally babooned on the stage, and are frequently run over by automobiles, and the poets sing-ho, sing-hey, and a rondelay, without any special provocation as far as I can see, about us, and we are kept pretty busy horning off agents of various kinds and being everlastingly licked for our impudence in the best magazines by clean-limbed young college men with pale, dissipated faces, and are considerably kicked by the lowing kine, stung by the busy bee, and are forever losing our wallets and our equilibrium every time we get as far as seven miles from home; but still, I admire to say that I believe we are about as well off as the city men, who, according to what I read in the papers, suffer from the social ambitions of their women-folks, the slings and arrows of them they elect to office, the wiles of adventuresses, blots and all such as that on their escutcheons, and the thousand and one fads, follies and fobbles that afflict people who feel that they must keep up appearances, and a lifelong warfare with first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, improvement bonds, refunding bonds, blanket mortgage bonds, common stock, preferred stock, treasury stock, watered stock, the old Knickerbocker stock, consolidated first, second and third mortgage bonds, and incidentally, in a good many cases, the galling bonds of wedlock.

"I believe I'll stick to the old farm for a spell yet. It ain't near as picturesque as the city, but it also lacks quite a good deal of being as strenuous."

Tom P. Morgan.

CHORUS LADY PHILOSOPHY.

"WHERE there's a Willie, there's a way."—*Stageland Maxims.*

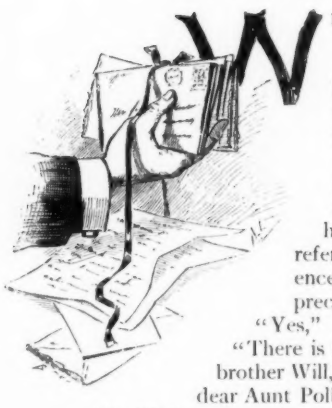
IF TEDDY TOOK UP GOLF.

OYSTER BAY GOLFER.—Say, but that is a bad lie!

HIS CLUBMATE.—S-h-h-h! Since the President joined the club, we speak of a bad lie as a Deliberate and Unqualified Falsehood.

If it wasn't for marriage a man would never know how happy he isn't.

THE INDIFFERENT MR. WALKER.



WHEN Mr. Walker returned home from a ten days' business trip, his wife pushed a pile of letters toward him with a generous wave of the hand, inviting him to peruse their contents.

"Ah, I perceive our little traveling library has come around again." Mr. Walker had a very facetious way of referring to the family correspondence, which was not entirely appreciated by his wife.

"Yes," she replied, with a half smile. "There is a letter from my sister Ethel, your brother Will, both of our mothers, and one from dear Aunt Polly."

Mr. Walker yawned, quite unnecessarily and without the slightest effort at concealment.

"Anything in them?" he asked, casually.

"Dear me, yes. Just loads of news," replied Mrs. Walker, with animation.

Mr. Walker looked more hopeful. He reached over and took up the letter from sister Ethel.

"Dear Agnes," it began. "I know I have been owing you a letter for ages, but I have been busy finishing my new alpaca gown, and just haven't been able to get a minute's time. It is going to be so pretty, trimmed around the edges with some of the most exquisite lace embroidery you ever saw. I am going to have it finished some time within the next day or two.

"The baby is so cute these days. He climbed up on my chair the other day when I was working on my new cotton crepe kimono. It has a yoke, back and front, and is dark blue, to be finished with warp printed ribbon in a flowered design. I am going to have another for warm weather, made of white figured swiss, with bands of flowered ribbon.

"I saw the prettiest pattern for a shirt waist the other day when I was out with the children looking for a new cook. The one we had fell off the back step and sprained her arm. It is made with three deep plaits on each shoulder. At the back the plaits taper toward the waist. The pattern calls for a high band, turn-down collar, but I don't know whether I would like that very well. The fastening is in the front through the center box plait. Isn't that convenient?

"George has just got through paying off the electric light and gas bills. Aren't they terrible? Oh, dear, they just seem to take the last cent every month. I am terribly in need of a new suit for outdoor wear, too. There is a tub gown on display down in Fisher's window that I want so badly. The length widths of the skirt are unbroken, except for a band of needle work above the hem, or a few tucks in a group. The top of the skirt is mounted with a slight gathering frontwards. It has the prettiest bolero to go around the bust, with a high chemisette and stock and turned over flat cuffs at the sleeves.

"There really isn't much going on here now. I am having a new skirt made for Elsie, a seven-gored plaited design, with the front gore narrow. The plaits graduate, widening out toward the bottom. The skirt fastens at the back under two inverted plaits.

"Well, dear, I have told you everything that has happened. Don't wait so long now before you write again. We can hardly wait to hear from you.

Your loving sister, ETHEL.

"P. S.—I am going to have a new hat soon—oh, the prettiest thing, but will write more about it next time."

"Doesn't Ethel write the sweetest letters?" said Mrs. Walker, complacently, as her husband carefully laid the epistle aside with an air of reverence he did not feel.

"Yes, dear, she certainly does; but I am so tired that I guess I will let the rest go—I mean *save* them till morning." So saying the indifferent Mr. Walker took himself off to bed. *R. C. McElravy.*

QUITE A COLLECTION.

MRS. KELLY.—'Tis another of thim soovyneer post cyards from me darter Maggie—the foorth this month, begorry! She sinds me wan every toime she changes her place.

ON THE OLD RIALTO.

JESTER *(at the Dramatic Agency).*—Ay, your Grace, I jested last season for Lord Twiddlethumbs, and my act was such a scream that they had to hang the S. R. O. sign on the outer walls.

UNRECORDED HISTORY.

"THERE seems to be no opening for a man here," said Henry Hudson, as he vainly sought for a Northwest Passage through the New World.

Smiling complacently at the wittiness of this comment, he retired to the cabin of the "Half Moon" and took a little something with a cherry in it.

ATONEMENT.

A PHILANTHROPIST is a man who atones for the wrong he has done at the rate of about three per cent. per annum.

WHEN YOU ORDER WHISKEY, ORDER THE BEST. THE BEST IS

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

IT IS PURE, RIPE, MELLOW AND WHOLESOME. THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

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Bunner's Short Stories

Illustrated.

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

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Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"

UNDESIRABLE.

"What," asked the fond mother, "do you think of my little boy's composition on the rabbit?"

"It's very amusing," replied the little boy's teacher, "but don't let it be brought to the attention of the President."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A YOUNG man ought always to be optimistic, but perhaps the old family physician is justified in saying that in the average man's life there is usually more hope than happiness.—*Somerville Journal.*

ON AND OFF.

THE THIN ONE.—What led you to take up tennis?
THE FAT ONE.—To take off a little flesh. How about you?
THE THIN ONE.—Oh, to put a little on.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

A DEAL IN BANANAS.

No like da skeenny olda man
Dat com' to dees peanutta-stan'
To-day an' buy da wan banan'.
He mak' me seeck!
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat ma life, I no
Gat reecha queeck.

Wal, deesa man he com' an' say:
"How moocha for banan' to-day?"
An' so I tal heem right away:
"Ees two for fi'."
"Oh my! I mus' be gattin' deef
Or you ees talka like da t'ief!"
He say to me, an' look as eef
He gona cry.

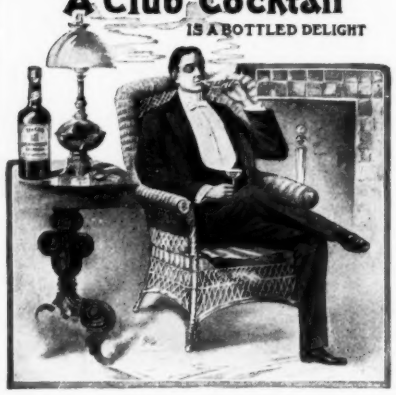
"Ees two for fi'," I say agen.
He shak' hees head at me an' den
He tal me: "Mak' eet fi' for ten
An' tak' da mon'."
"All right," I say, "I guess weell do."
Den "Fi' for ten ees wan for two,"
He say; "here ees two cent for you,
I taka wan!"

He tak' da beegges' wan of all!
Ha! w'at you theenka dat for gall?
He ees so meana man, so small,
He mak' me seeck.
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reecha queeck.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

OUTSIDE of St. Petersburg there is no opposition to Harry Orchard as a claimant of the bad-man championship of the world.—*Washington Star.*

A Club Cocktail
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

THE WORST.

"Well, what have you found out?"

The private detective hesitated.

"Do you want to know the worst?" he asked, warningly.

"Go ahead."

"My bill will be considerable, you know."

"Never mind that. What did you discover?"

"Not a blamed thing."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine No. 31

FOR

JULY

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations
by the
BEST COMIC ARTISTS

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Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, • Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

CONSTANCY.

SHE.—Are you sure that you will love me just as much when I am old, and gray, and wrinkled?

HE.—Why yes, of course—if you don't lose your money.—*Somerville Journal.*

IN VACATION TIME Readers of PUCK may have the paper mailed to them for forty cents a month, postage prepaid. Addresses will be changed as often as desired. Orders may be sent through your newsdealer or direct to the

PUBLISHERS OF PUCK
PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

A PRIMITIVE PRINCIPLE.

I'm looking for harmony. Bring me an ax
And a gun and a couple of knives.
We want no more quarrels our patience to tax;
No strife to embitter our lives.
I know there is just one reliable way
To stop the belligerents' fun,
And that's with an ax, wielded well in the fray,
Of a couple of knives, or a gun.

'Tis a very old plan and with primitive man
It is rated especially high.
The cannibal chief loves to marshall his clan
'Gainst other bold chieftains near by.
And after the fight, in benevolent mirth
His people about him he'll call.
And placidly say, "We've no foeman on earth
Because we have eaten them all!"
—*Washington Star.*

LOOKED THAT WAY.

PATIENCE.—That soubrette we saw at the matinee to-day, has her name on all her dresses, I understand.

PATRICE.—She must have a very short name, don't you think?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

Hammer the Hammer

The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver won't go off unless you deliberately pull the trigger. Do that and you'll find it just as sure as it is safe. The straightest-shooting, hardest-hitting, most reliable revolver made to-day. Rightly proportioned, beautifully finished; a gentleman's pistol for pocket, desk or bureau.

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IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel plated finish. 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **$6.00**

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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish. 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **$7.00**

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

REASSURED.

"G-g-good evening!" said the young man who had come to speak to the girl's father.

"Good evening!" replied the old gentleman. "You look a little nervous. How do you feel?"

"Flattered," replied the young man. "I was afraid I looked scared to death."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AWFUL PENALTY.

BACON.—I understand there is a penalty for kissing in your town?

EGBERT.—Yes, there is.

"What is the penalty?"

"Marriage!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TELL a woman she is beautiful and she will forgive you for saying she has no brains.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF it wasn't for the mistakes they make some men would never be heard of.—*Chicago Daily News.*

JAPAN is right up to date, and is getting a world-wide advertisement out of San Francisco.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample Free.*

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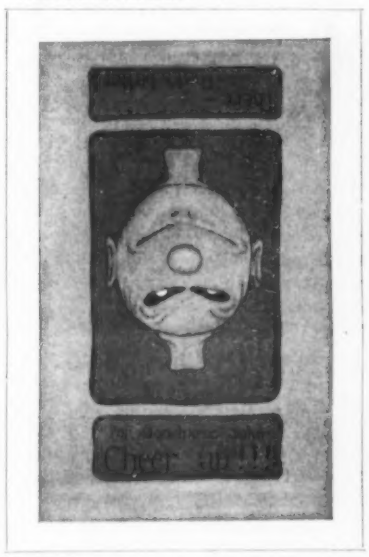
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK
All kinds of Paper made to order.

TREES SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

"The widower has ceased to pine."
"How do you know?"
"Can't you see he has begun to spruce?"

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

CHEER UP!!!



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★★★
WHISKEY

Those who know, pronounce it "just right."

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MELLOWED BY AGE

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York

FAST PACE.

MRS. REDD.—I want some pin-money, dear.

MR. REDD.—Why, I gave you $100 only day before yesterday.

"I know it, dear; but that all went for fines for the chauffeur!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HER VICIOUS DIG.

"Why do you dislike him so?" asked Mrs. Gailey. "He's a member of your club, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Gailey, "but he has no business to be."

"Why, what's the matter? Doesn't he drink?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Underberg
Bitters
The Famous Tonic and Cordial.
On Sale everywhere.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
General Agents, New York.

THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

"See here," said the lady, "you told me that work would only cost me $13, and here you've sent in a bill for $14."

"Yes'm," replied the carpenter; "you see, when I came to think the thing over afterward I was afraid maybe you'd be superstitious about that 13."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

SING a song of six E's,
A postal card to call
At 10 o'clock on Thursday
At University Hall.
Th' Assistant Dean he said to me,
"Come in. Get out. Good-day."
Now wasn't that a pithy thing
For our good Dean to say?

Pa was in his office
Counting up the money
That I had spent in college—
I entered, feeling funny,
"Dear Pa, I want another chance,"
Said I, when I could speak;
He gave it—and I've got it yet,
His clerk at six per week.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

"And will you write to me," he sighed,
"When I am far away?"
In earnest accents she replied:
"I'll write you every day!"

She really meant each word of it,
If simple truth were known.
But it's a prosy task to sit
And scribble, all alone.

And so she smiles, serenely bland,
And thinks her duty done.
She bought a lot of post-cards and
Just mailed them, one by one.
—*Washington Star.*

NO RESERVED SEAT.

"So you think a rich man can't go to heaven, eh?"

"Oh, yes, suh—he kin go dar all right, but his case'll be purty much de same ez dat er de boy peekin' under der circus tent whilst de circus is gwine on!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Insure
Your Pleasure
when Fishing, Sailing, Camping, Hunting, Cycling, or staying at home by keeping
Evans'
Ale
within speaking distance. It is the most reliable and satisfying of all summer beverages.
Take it with you wherever you go. Any Dealer will supply it.

"THE OLD COLONEL."

His "still" makes the rye—
Just as fine as can be;
And the mint—it grows wild
Near a shady oak tree.
(A health to you, colonel!—
No sugar for me!)
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

INDEFINITE.

"Are these umbrellas all right, young man?" asked the customer.

"They are if you know enough to go in when it rains," replied the honest clerk.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

People Tell Each Other About Good Things.

Twelve years ago few people in the world knew of such a preparation as a Powder for the Feet. To-day after the genuine merit of Allen's Foot-Ease has been told year after year by one gratified person to another, there are millions who would as soon go without a dentrifice as without Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a cleanly, wholesome, healing, antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, which has given rest and comfort to tired and aching feet in all parts of the world. It cures while you walk. Over 30,000 testimonials of cures of smarting, swollen, perspiring feet. It prevents friction and wear of the stockings and will save in your stocking bill ten times its cost each year. Imitations pay the dealer a larger profit, otherwise you would never be offered a substitute when you ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, the original powder for the feet. Imitations are not advertised because they are not permanent. For every genuine article there are many imitations. The imitator has no reputation to sustain—the advertiser has. It stands to reason that the advertised article is the best, otherwise the public would not buy it and the advertising could not be continued. When you ask for an article advertised in this publication, see that you get it. Refuse imitations.

Garrick Club
Whiskey

The Host's Highest Compliment to His Guests

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

STUNG!

MR. COHENSTEIN.—Ach, vat did ve come here for ven der tide vas oud? Ven it vas high tide, we ged more vater for our moneysh.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

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"ON EVERY TONGUE"

I. W. Harper Rye

Judges of Good Whiskey Prefer It

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

NOTHING TO SAY.

"What are your opinions on the tariff?"

"How do I know?" answered Senator Sorghum, a little testily. "All the heads of big industrial interests in my part of the country have gone to Europe. I haven't had any instructions."—*Washington Star.*

TOUGH CHEWING.

"You should have heard Knox roasting Huskie last night. He used some pretty hard words."

"Yes, but they didn't seem so hard to Knox last night as they did this morning."

"How do you mean?"

"He had to eat them this morning."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AFTER a boy has had the scarlet fever, the chicken pox, the mumps, the measles, the whooping cough, and two or three boils, his parents, as a rule, don't have anything else to worry about until he falls in love.—*Somerville Journal.*

STRONG PART.

FOOTE LIGHTE.—Has your sister a strong part in the new piece?

MISS SUE BRETTE.—Why, yes; she has to carry around one of those heavy spears!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CLASSIFYING HIM.

"You say he is active in politics?"

"Yes."

"Conspirator, liar or poltroon?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AS THE summer season begins to open up, motorists are earnestly cautioned to look out for the locomotive, the trolley car and the deputy sheriff.—*Washington Star.*

MAYBE I WAS.

WHEN I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks on view,
And over one eye perched a little round hat, with a ribbon of mauve or blue,
And the fourteen rings and the seven pins that he got at his dear prep school,
Why, it strikes a chord, and I say: "Oh, Lord, was I ever that big a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down and a cigarette stuck in his face,
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest and a half an inch wide shoe lace,
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears, and a line of senseless drool,
Then I paw the sward, as I say: "Oh, Lord, was I ever that big a fool?"

—*The Daily Princetonian.*

THE fat girl likes to think, when she is all alone by herself, that she is nice and plump.—*Somerville Journal.*

Pure good old RED TOP RYE

RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.
Sold by Druggists and Shoe Stores Everywhere, 25c.
DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

This signature Allen S. Olmsted on every box.

For FREE Trial Package, also Free Sample of FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

ACCOMMODATING.

"Have you any mosquitoes?" asks the guest of the clerk at the summer hotel.

"Boys!" calls the clerk absent-mindedly, "take some mosquitoes up to Mr. Glimpton's room at once. Sorry you have been put to any inconvenience, sir."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

ANOTHER UNAUTHENTIC INCIDENT.

Said a highly intelligent lizard
Who was caught in a summer-time blizzard.
"The moment has come
To nature-fake some.
I shall wear an oil-stove in my gizzard!"—*Washington Star.*

A MISSOURI judge has fined a man one dollar for beating his wife, this being his second offense. If he does it many more times the judge may get real cross.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EVERY man learns after he has been married for six months that he has no business to take up more than one-sixth of the closet.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE political weather prediction for Ohio appears to be "continued high winds and slightly warmer."—*Washington Post.*

THE latest comparison—As happy as a kleptomaniac on bargain day.—*Somerville Journal.*

UNNECESSARY ADVICE.

FARMER.—Jones authorize ye t' paint them signs, Mister?

SIGN PAINTER.—That's what he did. Why?

FARMER.—Oh, no reason. Only it seemed kinder superfluous, seein' as how Jones is the only grocer in town.

MAYOR SCHMITZ still has 259 other counts left, which ought to furnish him enough opportunity to prove his innocence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW AMERICANS PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES.

Universal Preference Given to American Champagne Over Foreign Brands.

Ever since the memorable Boston encounter, when unjust taxation aroused them, the American people, to their credit be it said, have been very slow to patronize foreign products of every description. Take for instance, Champagne.

The old world is practically over-run with miscellaneous brands of this beverage, yet despite the strenuous efforts of foreign manufacturers, discriminating people of this country have unquestionably cast their ballot in favor of Cook's Imperial Champagne.

And this is only as it should be, for when we consider that this American Champagne is made from the rich, juicy black grapes grown in the orchards of Uncle Sam, further argument is scarcely necessary, for it is an open secret that the rich, fertile soil of America, produces the best vines in the world. But there are other reasons—good reasons—why American Champagne is preferred over foreign drinks.

The duty on all imported Champagne is very heavy. Foreign manufacturers have to bear freight charges across the ocean and after distribution and other expenses are paid, Americans find that the imported beverage costs twice as much as Cook's Imperial Champagne.

The American Champagne—Cook's Imperial—is made from the pure, choice juicy grapes—the saccharine elements of the fruit being neutralized by several months' natural fermentation, giving the drink a pleasant, buoyant flavor, branding it as an "extra dry" Champagne.

The large increasing demand for American Champagne is encouraging, showing that the American people not only patronize home industries, but that quality for quality they will not be satisfied with anything but the best.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

THE PUCK PRESS

THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS LOADED.

TALE OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO STOLE BIRDS' EGGS.